Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

4th Jan
37

But oh God we're here & shan't be back till next week, so the 7th, 8th are impossible.

But are those your only days — is your stay merely that? Because we shall be away all the rest of the month. And had been planning jaunts — & then your bags & treats. You must come up Lab — please. Why Anne, not Virginia? Why Mary de de de Lybd Lea, not Potto?

In great haste & fury

Ah I've been
meeting another
old lady — Elizabeth Robins.
Octavia
Walthorpe.

Monks House.
Jan. 10th 1937.

Yes of course that will be perfect. Jan. 22nd
lunch I mean: 1 o'clock
& I will keep the entire afternoon for any
symptoms.
The widower of Joe: was my
first love. a great friend of George's.
I remember sitting opposite her at supper at
the Savoy about 1908, between
the 2nd acts of the Walkyrie —
adoring her — & that those
time passed — new fluency she's
an old white haired rednecked — but
why are you going to tea with her!

Keep this the last & only
scrap of paper near me.

V.

April 15

52 Eaton Sq^re. Thursday 1933

Yr, do come to lunch on Monday
1.30. I'm perfectly honored.
We had the druch ouin time till
Easter; the Dr. said L- had
Diabetis. — which he hasn't, thank he
Lord: then Jahan arrived from
China, said he was off to Spain
to fight: then Bugs broke out in
the Rev. but proved to be Nettlerash —
so that altogether I was lightly saved
a headache. Ad Ethel was furious,
because I wouldn't ve her at Rodmell,
I say glorious to all them & humbug —
what a termagant the woman is.
I'm rather glad Worthy rubbed
back what magnificent oak.
But this'll keep teh Monday — I'm

in a week. And what d'you
think we're doing on Monday
morning? Taking Sally to her
bridals at Ickwenham.
But we'll be back before
lunch.

NYPL

Oh I've thanked you for a long time
letter from the Sahara, where you
were catching salamanders &
eating a sheep roasted whole.
I've just been buying spratts
& daffodils. daffodils Do you
bring the salamanders home!

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Monday.

May 3. 1937

Butterby credit you. Mrs Staples rang up! I should have suspected it. No, I admit I think I was much good: just I had to shorten. Then Lengthen, and the End I was bored stiff. Will be with Listener, but all in a muddle I rushed. I would have liked a crack with you, better still, our Jaunt: It went in a bag - d'ye remember? Not Lord or duck, as Robert Bracks used to say. Shan't be thankful to be in a Courtyard in France, listening to a nightingale, drinking red wine, when you are Curtseying & singing God Save the King! Oh the bunk in the Tube this afternoon — there I stood, with my Cake for Tom Eliot's tea running Chocolate down my legs. So farewell but come very

52 Tavistock Sqre.

Friday 14th Jan. 1937.

To our immense relief the
Doctor at last says that there's
nothing wrong at the moment
with Leonard. So he's
up & about, & for a month we're
to forget it. There are of
course certain precautions
again all this time, & Leo
he may have another attack, or not.
But oh the torture they put one
to waiting for results, & then
not knowing what they mean.
& only half taught. Completely
untrustworthy.

But the result is that we
shall dash down to Monks House

HAMILL & BAKER 2/5/62

tomorrow for a week, so must put
off the 19th But both her — &
Come up the next week — &
shall be back on the 23rd; &
will keep any night you suggest.
Only dont tell Lizzy, who's
pestering me to dine & meet you
& the said we shall be away.
There's a mass of things to display
with you. Let alone the Church
Aesthetic) to grace your presence
Given:

I'm so bored myself with
relief — it's like a flock of air balls
fired by my shoulder instead of
Cannon balls: it was a damnable
night mare —

Ellen

We had made up our minds to a nursing home
& even heard of one — Roman Catholic in St Johns Wood.